

Rugby Double-Header, Kerr Cup Race At 1:30 Saturday

SASKATCHEWAN WINS CAIRNS TROPHY BY ONE POINT

Saskatchewan Cops Cairns Cup at Intercollegiate Meet

Saskatchewan Comes From Behind to Win Out From Alberta by One Point—Manitoba Four Points Behind With 45 Points—McCourt is Individual Champion

Last Monday at Winnipeg saw Saskatchewan's track men obtain possession of the Cairns Cup for the coming year, when they nosed out Alberta's team with a total of 50 points, Alberta's total being 49. Manitoba came from behind later in the day, but ended up a good third with 45 points.

Saskatchewan was one point behind Alberta with only the 880 yard relay to be run. This event was taken by Manitoba with Saskatchewan second, Alberta placing third. This gave Saskatchewan the necessary points to win the meet. Frank Richard deserves credit for the fine race he put in the relay. He started the last 220 yards with a 15 yard handicap. He finished up only three yards behind Saskatchewan. It was a heart-breaker for Alberta.

Many Records Broken
Eleven meet records were smashed in the all-day battle. The men broke six of them with the women close behind with five to their credit. Eddie McCourt, our star weight tosser, broke two records, and obtained for himself the individual championship of the meet. Miss Genevieve Jones, of Manitoba, was the outstanding competitor of the meet.

McCourt won the hammer throw, javelin, discus, and shot-put. He tossed the javelin 170 feet 8 inches to break the existing record, and his hammer throw of 134 feet 3 inches broke the old record by over 4 feet. It is of interest to note that he tossed the hammer 141 feet at the inter-faculty meet here a week ago.

McMahon and Maguire Shine
For Saskatchewan, Harold McMahon and Webster Maguire were the shining lights. McMahon won in the half-mile, mile and three mile events, breaking the meet record in the last event and equalling his own record in the mile. Maguire got seconds in all three sprints, and set a new record in the broad jump, nosing Frank Richard out by an inch and a half. Peck came second to McMahon in the mile and three mile, with Maxon, of Manitoba third. McMahon barely nosed out Sprung in the 880 dash, winning by a marvellous last-minute drive. Liddle, of Manitoba, copped the 220 and 440 yard dashes for the Brown and Gold, with Maguire trailing him in both events.

McCourt Gives Alberta Lead
Eddie McCourt's four wins gave Alberta a very imposing lead at the start of the meet. This lead was held by Frank Richard, who took the century dash in 10 2-5 seconds, the 220 yard low hurdles, and placed third in the 220 yard dash. Liddle and Gerry, of Manitoba, came fourth, and threatened Alberta's lead, Liddle taking the 220 yard dash and winning the 440 yard dash in the record time of 51 4-5 seconds. Gerry took the high jump at 5 feet 9 1/2 inches, with Hugh Millar second. Gerry had to jump off with Kirkbride in the pole vault, but won out with a jump of 10 feet 7 3/4 inches.

Walter Smith, Alberta's hurdle star, took the 120 yard high hurdles from a classy field, winning from Carriek of Manitoba and Harvey of Saskatchewan.

Women's Results

The track meet held in Sergeant Park, Winnipeg, Oct. 12, 1931, will probably go down in history as one of the best ever held. An amazing number of records were completely shattered.

The Manitoba women's team was much superior to either of the other two. Most of their strength was drawn from their freshman class. Miss Genevieve Johns, who ran the 100 yard dash in 11 2-5 seconds, broke the former record of 12 seconds which was established last year by Miss Gertrude Fuller, also of Manitoba. She will very likely be noticed at the next Olympic meet.

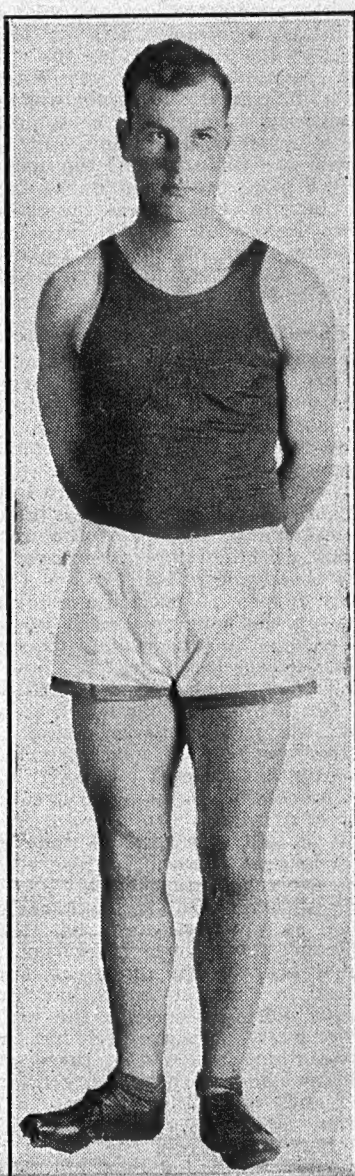
Jo Kopta, of Alberta, came through with her usual excellent performance. By hurling the discus 108 feet 1/2 in., she broke her 1930 record by 5 feet. In all probability it will be a good many years before this record is again broken. Miss Kopta also placed second in the javelin throw with a heave of 101 feet. The record in this event is held by Miss Aldys Thorlakson, of Manitoba; distance, 103 feet 11 inches.

The baseball throw was an event

STUDENT SERVICE

Dr. R. C. Wallace will speak at a student service, Sunday, Oct. 18, at 11 a.m. His subject will be "The Meaning of Life." New students are particularly invited.

INDIVIDUAL CHAMPION



EDDIE MCCOURT

Who gathered in four firsts in the Track Meet to obtain for himself the Intercollegiate individual championship.

VARSITY STUDENT IN ACCIDENT

Miss Agnes Starky Taken to University Hospital When Struck by Truck

Thrown heavily to the pavement when she was struck by a truck operated by G. S. Wilson, at 99th street and 84th avenue, at 1:30 p.m. Saturday, Miss Agnes Starky, a student at the University, escaped with bruises and cuts to her face and arms. She was taken instantly to the University Hospital.

Miss Starky was waiting for a street car at the time of the accident, and Wilson told the police that he had been driving on wet country roads for a week, and that the moisture had apparently ruined his brakes.

PRESIDENT OF TRACK



HUGH MILLAR

Able President of the Track Club, to whom we are indebted for the fine showing our track team made this year.

Roland Hayes Noted Tenor Gives Splendid Recital

Colored Singer Thrills Large Audience With Varied and Scintillating Program

The other night I heard Roland Hayes, the negro tenor, sing four groups of songs including some of the famous negro spirituals. Combined with one of the most exquisite voices I have ever had the good fortune to hear, was a charming personality and stage presence which enhanced the perfect vocal performance.

On my way home I was astounded when I was told that this man was refused admittance at hotels in the Southern States because

of the colour of his skin, which colour in skin rendered him unfit to associate with other humans who had the fortune or misfortune to be born white. Even more was in store yet, for on being asked how he enjoyed the concert, a certain individual answered, "Wonderful singing, but there were too many 'niggers' in the audience; I had to sit near some of them."

I'd like that individual to reverse the position—supposing he had been listening to some white Canadian singing before an audience of colored people in South Africa, would he have considered he was spoiling the concert for the rest of the audience? On the other hand, he would be immensely proud, confident that they were showing an inferior people what could be done. Has a man, because his skin is dark, no right to appreciate things in the way white people are supposed to—what particular option have white people on the enjoyment of things? One would also wonder that the most democratic nation in the world can afford to treat any individual like that, even though

the individual may not be an acknowledged genius; but when one considers "Al Capone" and others of his ilk, there is not such cause for wonder.

I remember as a child in Sunday School being shown a picture which was supposed to represent Christianity—a large group of wild animals and people of different colours all on the most amicable terms were doing obvious reverence to not a white man—but a Jew. Well, man successfully killed the Jew, have made a virtual extermination of the wild animals, and have on several occasions done their best to exterminate each other; the white races being the chief participants in the last two. Yet the white races are immensely proud of their civilization, which is supposedly founded on Christianity, which supposedly embraces all believers whether black, yellow or white. Nineteen hundred and thirty-one years is a long time, but I suppose we must have our persecutions or there would be no fun in living.

BIG NEW PROGRAMS CKUA NEAR FUTURE

President Wallace Speaks on Friday—Sea Program on Monday—Old Time Dance Following Friday

Three programs of special interest will be broadcast by CKUA in the near future.

On Friday, Oct. 16, at 6 p.m., President Wallace will give a talk entitled "My Impressions of England."

On Monday, Oct. 19, from 8-9:00 p.m., a program called "The Lure of the Sea," will be presented by CKUA artists.

"The Lure of the Sea" includes the mysterious call of the sea itself with its compelling awe and wonder in storm and calm; the glory of men, with their joys and sorrows; the beauty of the ships, symbols of high romance.

During this hour the artists will endeavor to give their listeners in song, poetry and prose something of the spirit which underlies the lure of the sea.

The following are the artists: Mrs. B. E. McQuaig, pianist; William Townend, baritone; E. A. Corbett, reader.

Mrs. McQuaig will play MacDowell's Sea Music. Mr. Townend will sing the following sea songs: "Sea Fever," "Trade Winds," by Masefield; "Drake's Drum," "Mother Carey," "Mark Tapley at Sea."

A humorous reading from Dickens' "Martin Chuzzlewit" will be given as an interlude after the singing of the first two songs named above.

The program will conclude with the sailor's yarn of "The Old Sailer," told by Mr. Corbett. As the story stops there will fade in a soft chant of "They that go down to the sea in ships" from the 107th Psalm.

This program should certainly delight many a sea-lover's heart.

On Friday, Oct. 23, at 9 p.m., at the request of the Northern Alberta Pioneer and Old Timers' Association, CKUA will broadcast the "Old Timers" dance from Memorial Hall for the benefit of those unable to attend the dance.

A bulletin containing a complete list of CKUA programs up until Dec. 20, 1931, may be obtained from the Department of Extension by those interested.

University Purchases Public Address System

"A Public Address System, Oscar, Is Not An Addressograph"—Reproduction of Speech and Music Will Be Possible During Rugby, Hockey Games—System Being Installed by Varsity Student—Ready for Use on Saturday

Marking a step forward in the service rendered student spectators, athletes, and the "general public" or "cash customer" section of spectators at games, the modern public address system recently purchased by the university athletic directorate is now being assembled for use in the university rink, on the rugby grid, at basketball games, track meets, and the like. The equipment will be given its first public demonstration during the Saskatchewan-Alberta rugby game on Saturday.

The power amplifier unit of the assembly is of the famous Silver-Marshall Type 690, and has a maxi-

mum undistorted output of approximately sixteen watts. This output is fed into four large Jensen auditorium-type speakers; the latter are recognized as being of a particularly high standard, and are used (in smaller sizes) in several well-known radio receivers. The speakers are capable of handling a large amount of power, and should easily cover a crowd of several thousand.

In regard to how music and voice vibrations find their way from the records or announcer: The amplifier will be situated (on the grid) in a small booth, where supervision of the announcer and the game will be possible. The announcer will carry a microphone in his hand, and find a spot on the sidelines from which he can watch the play. A cable will connect his microphone to the amplifier, which is in turn connected to the loud speakers. During the intervals between periods, the monitor operator in the booth will, by the flip of a switch, cause the reproduction of phonograph-disc music to become audible to the crowd. The monitor operator will also be in complete control of the volume of the speaker output, and will be an important individual in the event of breakdowns. In the rink, it is planned to use the equipment in place of a band for skaters. Public announcements between hockey periods will also be possible.

Due to its portability, the address system will be adaptable for many uses, and its cost (\$400) should prove a worth-while expenditure.

J. Sharp, Applied Science student, is in charge of the work of installation.

TRACK CAPTAIN



JOSIE KOPTA

Captain of the Women's Track Team, and an athlete of great repute.

ALBERTA EXHIBITS DRAW LARGE CROWD

University Girls Take Prominent Part in Fashion Show, Tea Dispensing

(By D.T.G.)

All last week Alberta manufacturers displayed their wares at the River-view Pavilion. From all parts of the province they came, bringing with them products of every kind and description. They certainly proved what has long been talked of, that no man need go out from Alberta to find any of the necessities of life, and many of the luxuries.

The first thing that one saw on entering the building was a vivid and striking portrayal of where Prosperity had not gone. Surrounded by a bed of presumably red-hot coals, and seated on the same red-hot coals, with flames dashing hither and yon, and with myriad-colored lights flashing from him, sat the father of all evil, Old Nick himself. The lesson to be learned was, buy goods produced in Alberta.

It would take far too long to enumerate all of the many exhibits. Suffice it to say that they were many and were varied, from candies and biscuits, flour and tea, to dresses, furniture and building materials. One could, indeed, as one proud citizen boasted, build and outfit an entire house using only Alberta-made products, as shown in this exhibition.

Some mention ought, however, to be made of a booth which attracted a great deal of attention. The booth we refer to was the one showing Alberta honey. The central point of attraction was a large case filled with bees busily swarming all over it, literally thousands of them, running here and there, back and forth, without for one moment stopping for rest. This indeed conveyed a great moral to many of the onlookers.

Perhaps the greatest attraction of the show was the Fashion Parade, in which seven beautiful young ladies modelled exquisite gowns, which rivalled Paris in their smartness, but which were all made in Edmonton at Emery's.

Then, of course, there were all kinds of contests, both on the platform and off. And if one had the desire to remain in the vast crowd that milled about the platform, one could certainly forget the discomfort in the funny, but painful, contests carried on there.

Taking it all in all, this year's "Produced-in-Alberta" Exhibition was a huge success, and if the great crowds that attended it will accept its lesson and will buy goods produced in Alberta, Prosperity will certainly return to us.

MUSICAL CLUB IS CONSIDERED

Music Lovers Meet to Discuss Proposal for New University Organization

A group of people interested in music met recently to discuss the formation of a Musical Club in the university. The purpose of such a club would be to meet periodically to hear good music and to have it explained by competent persons. Such a purpose, it was felt, would appeal not only to the trained musician, but more especially to those who like music but know little about it, for it would provide the means of developing one's taste through understanding.

The discussion resulted in a plan to present a musical program in Pembina Hall on a Sunday afternoon early next month, and to proceed at that time, if there is sufficient interest, to the organization of a musical club. Mr. Nichols and Mrs. O. J. Walker were asked to arrange the program. A committee consisting of Mrs. Broadus, Mr. J. P. Collier, Mr. J. T. Jones, Miss Rita Rushworth and Mr. Gordon Spooner was formed for the purpose of drawing up a list of prospective members.

It is hoped that students, graduates, and members of the staff and their wives who are genuinely interested in forming a musical club will send their names to some member of the committee immediately so that they may be notified of the meeting for organization.

OPPORTUNITY FOR LATENT TALENT

An opportunity for all amateur and embryonic writers is presented this month in the Provincial Poetry competition held by the Canadian Authors' Association, Edmonton branch. Substantial prizes of \$10, \$5, and \$3 are offered, as well as an opportunity to gain a small amount of fame. The peripatetics must be limited to forty lines, only two poems may be submitted by one contestant, and they must be typed. Furthermore, they must be signed by a nom de guerre, with the author's real name and address enclosed in an envelope and attached to the manuscript; the address is "Open Poetry Contest," Box 310, Edmonton, Alta. The contest closes October 31, and winning and other selections will be published in a Chap Book to be on the market for the Christmas trade. Only unpublished contributions will be accepted.

The same association is also holding a short story competition, open to the province of Alberta, stories to be limited to 3,000 words. This contest closes February 14, and further details will be obtainable later.

SPRINT STAR



FRANK RICHARD

Who, despite an injured rib, did much toward the showing of our Track team in Winnipeg.



THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper Published Weekly by the
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A CRITICISM OF CRITICISMS

In the words of a past Editor of The Gateway, disinterring dead horses is not a pleasant pastime. Since the "dead horses" we are to disinterr in metaphorical fashion in this editorial are not too long dead, and since the post-mortem may prevent future injustice being done, we feel that our excursion into unpleasantness will not bring a too heavy censure down upon us. Our resolve to write this editorial is made firmer by a re-perusal of the letter entitled "A Gateway Champion" which appeared in last week's edition of this paper.

To begin: Were it not for our understanding of the difficulty encountered by editors in obtaining special contributions, we might be hard put to explain the "Students' Union" commentary which appeared in last year's issue of Evergreen and Gold. Further, were it not for our understanding the impossibility of a self-respecting editor refusing publication of comments of any kind regarding his paper, we might find it hard to explain the 1930-31 Council President's remarks regarding The Gateway which were published in the 1931 Convocation issue.

Quoting from the first-mentioned article: "The relationship between the Council and The Gateway has improved over the previous year. The Gateway has tried to put the Council's position before the students as fairly as possible, but apart from this, the paper has been weak editorially and otherwise, due more to the inexperience of those in charge than to lack of ability."

Compare with the Council President's report: "The Gateway this year tried to maintain an attitude of placing the Council's position fairly before the students. It might have been improved by definite editorials on more pertinent topics, and by reflecting student opinion more accurately."

If these criticisms were justified,—if they had been made through the proper medium,—if they had been made by competent judges—we should have welcomed them. Since their justification depended on which side of the Council fence was seated the Editor; since they were made in what should have been cursory reports on student affairs, and since it was not perfectly obvious that the authors were competent literary and newspaper critics, we take vigorous exception to them. This statement of our attitude is to be considered one of the asked-for "more definite editorials on more pertinent topics."

Any mention of The Gateway in a superficial report of Students' Union affairs should concern only the relations between the paper and the Students' Council, and the paper's financial standing, and in other matters should be made by some person who will be as impartial as possible—not by partisan ex-presidents, presidents, or other Council members who feel bound to exhibit a petty animosity toward the paper or its Editor. It is almost inevitable that Council and The Gateway should clash in regard to some Union matter, by reason of the function of The Gateway as critic of Council's actions. If the Editor of the paper disagrees with Council—well, even Editors sometimes make mistakes. However, no Editor (we hope) will be so foolish as to oppose Council merely for the sake of opposing that body. There have usually been the best of excuses for Gateway versus Council arguments. Foolish opposition would result in an Editor's removal; a foolish excuse for his removal, likewise, might very easily result in Council's resignation. The Council can always employ the columns of The Gateway to explain its stand without depending on the Editor to place the "Council's position fairly before the students." The Editor, of course, can be depended upon to defend his opinions.

Finally: It would have been the act of a gentleman, in each case, if the critics had credited last year's Gateway Editor with having displayed much patience and energy, with having aided his business staff in every way to produce a surplus rather than a deficit over the year's operations, and with having been very tolerant in the face of much adverse criticism from Council members. These comments would have been just, and would have been, without giving an impression of the writer's membership in a mutual admiration society, fit parallels to the Editor's well-meant compliments to Council. (Compliments paid in a report adjacent to the President's report.)

The Year Book editorial staff, in fairness to the organizations concerned, should see that criticism of a particular type is published in the proper department; similar criticism meant for Gateway publication should be made in the paper's correspondence column, at a time which will enable the Editor to defend his policy—if he should consider defence necessary.

We ask of our critics not undeserved leniency, but fairness. Our best efforts toward improving the paper will be given in return.

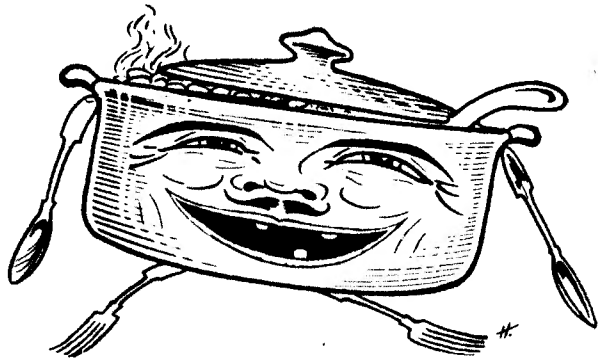
INCOME AND EXPENDITURE

Comment on the financial affairs of the Students' Union seems proper just now, when the executives of various clubs and societies are frantically seeking ways and means to persuade the Council that last year's surplus and this year's depression warrant "bigger and better" budgets.

In the words of a Union official, unexpected good fortune enabled the Council to show a substantial surplus at the end of the 1930-31 session. Several good fortunes might be considered to have composed the "good fortune" spoken of.

In the first place, the athletic fee book innovation

CASSEROLE



Autumn

The wind is an old miser
Filching gold leaves from the young trees;
Scurrying, mad hearted in his greed,
Over the hills and down the valley
To hide his treasures in the hollows.
Then, drunk with his success,
He snatches up his golden spoils again
And casts them out in willing wastefulness
Onto the waters.

—O. R. W.

WE CAN'T THINK OF A BEDOUIN

"By Allah, these things come to pass in strange fashion! That which is unexpected happens so often. . . . Unexpected? . . . That which is unforeseen so often happens, indeed, that we may well expect it. Paradox? No: nothing should be unexpected: Kismet! —It is written! Thus saith the Prophet."

In this fashion mused Abdul the Arab (he who was named the Bull-Bull) to Rael Ouey, the material-minded caravan man. But Rael Ouey, the low wretch, spat with unwarranted venom at a harmless species of centipede (the Flit supply had petered out), and gave Abdul no encouragement. The Bull-Bull went on; as usual, he didn't need encouragement.

"Consider, O son of the desert, the story of Tohmah Tah Khan, of the Bedouin Zoupepe raiders. Verily, the Father of Mohammed dealt justly with that scourge of the Sahara!"

Abdul stopped to see whether Rael Ouey was interested; apparently, Rael Ouey was not interested, since he had found a nest of centipedes under a rock (or wherever centipedes do make nests) and was exterminating them by his usual vulgar but effective method. The Bull-Bull Emir sighed, but continued his tale.

"The Khan Tohmah Tah was a vain devil (may his spawn have pythorreal), used to robbing the date caravans at will, and many were his women. But women, as thou well knowest, thou driver of camels, are many times the direct cause of the unexpected. Had we but Mohammed's glance to see that at the right time!"

"The fairest of the Khan's women was Mahr Uhm Olah, and the most privileged; but not too careful in her intrigues with such as you, O Rael Ouey. So it came about that Tohmah Tah Khan discovered her in the tent of Abd Ih Keit (the Khan's young Arab caravan leader, and a handsome youth), and great was the wrath of the Khan on that evil day. Yet he did not kill Mahr Uhm Olah, as any wise man would. . . . It was Kismet!"

And so, on another day, when the Khan called for his raiders and set out for El Ouaffel, a prospering but undefended village, Mahr Uhm Olah . . . Dammit, man, my story has romance and sex appeal, and yet you yawn!"

[So said Abdul (who was really a Gateway man) to Rael Ouey (who was really another Gateway man)—they were both Gateway men, as a matter of fact). And the tale of Tohmah Tah Khan remained in its state of non-completion.]

was more successful than the treasurer had dared anticipate. To the profit from this source was added the large hockey surplus, and the still larger contribution of The Gateway. The Year Book was responsible for another large sum. To these amounts there were added further surpluses of appreciable proportions which helped to make the total one of surprising magnitude, considering initial expectations. That total was over nineteen hundred dollars.

The present year is of such a character as to suggest stringent economy in Union, as well as in other financial affairs—under ordinary conditions of student government income and expenditure. But should our budgets be limited as strictly as usual, when there is so large a surplus to our credit?

Under ordinary conditions, we repeat, our watchword would be one encouraging strict economy. If it is stated that last year's surplus could not be helped—that it was not possible to keep expenditure and income nearly balanced—the same state of affairs should not be allowed to hold at the end of this and similar future sessions. Members of the Union will be more than ready to ask that their Union fees be reduced, rather than have their money provide for future student organizations to play with, if it becomes apparent that a large annual surplus is to be an institution.

THE UNIVERSITY BUS LINE

Complete details of the plan do not seem to be readily available, but we feel that the mere announcement that the long-awaited university transportation extension is now definitely on the way will give us a certain pre-eminence among Gateway Editors. So many good men and true have waited patiently in the hope that the city councils (note plurality) would carry out the requirements of the agreement made early in the university's history.

If what we have been told is correct, the promised bus service will extend from 109th street to 112th street, 89th avenue. Students who use the service will not entirely escape walking to lectures, then; it would be asking too much to request a further saving of effort on their part. Also, so far as we have been able to learn, the buses will be forty minutes apart, which will mean several daily races to escape missing them. The interval between buses seems somewhat long, but it is possible that complete data on the city's plan may reveal more frequent service. Interested readers are referred to the city council's report on another page.

Businesslike Gold Washing

By F.M.

It was really quite accidental.

When I started off the other afternoon for a jaunt by the river, I had no thought of learning how a real prospector washes gold. But it was all started by a small, inoffensive, lost key, lying there by the water.

As I say, it was a warm sunny afternoon, with that mellow, golden quality in the air which we have been noticing lately in this spell of Indian summer. The leaves, of course, were nearly all fallen, and I crunched along, sometimes slipping and sliding on the yielding ground, as I forgot to watch my footing, craning my neck in all directions in an endeavor to take in every beauty. And let me tell you, it was worth all the efforts of clambering down soft, wet, muddy hills, or clinging desperately to thin, poorly-rooted willows that threatened at any moment to give way, as I pulled myself up a steep cut-bank. On the one side were the high bare cliffs of the north side of the valley, surely familiar enough to any one who has hiked out to Capitol Hill or Hog's Back; on the other side lay the river. Both familiar enough, yet with a subtle difference. The river was ever so slightly rippled by a summery breeze, which still couldn't quite obliterate the reflection of the spruce-covered slope just around the bend. The opposite bank showed the golden-brown colour of almost bare trees with the green of the golf links behind; to all appearances, lying but a few rods from me.

From Ridiculous to Sublime

With the books and labs section of my mind an absolute blank—perhaps nothing unusual in that—I made my way past a profusion of springs to where the river turns and the almost perpendicular sand banks give way to the flat gravel beach. Here was the figure I had noticed some time before, and catalogued as one of the unemployed washing gravel, earning his daily bread and butter. When I was nearly opposite, I noticed a small key lying on the sand, picked it up and walked over to him asking, "Did you by any chance lose a key?"

I was prepared for his answer, but not for the manner in which it was given, the accent, the inflection.

"No," he said, "I never lost anything, and I never lose anything." Which occurred to me as an excellent state of affairs.

"It is at least obvious that you never lose your keys," I answered.

He seemed so approachable, so entirely different to my preconceived notion of what he would be, that I went over for a closer inspection. He was a short man, of slight build, dressed in khaki coveralls, and since he was working close to the water, rubber boots. His grey felt hat looked something like one of these new-fashioned ones with a jaunty feather in front, only that instead of a feather he had a rag of felt which had been torn from the crown but not wholly detached, and now stuck up at a dashing angle. He had a shovel in his hands, with which he was working spryly enough; and this fact, and his face, which was wrinkled, but not wholly from age, made me put him down as between forty and fifty. I looked at his apparatus.

Gold Digging de Luxe

"I'd like to see this in action," I said.

"Just a minute till I get it full," he replied. "I count the time I fill it," he went on to explain. "Fourteen to a yard."

And as he worked, I reflected that here was a man who was working with some notion of how to go about it. Then, too, his apparatus was not the usual rough affair you can see any time along the bank. Everyone, of course, is familiar with the "grizzly" for washing gold, consisting of a box maybe four feet long and a foot wide, elevated above the ground with the river end perhaps a foot below the other. The gravel is put into this box, then washed down with water, which carries it across another inclined plane covered by a piece of carpet. This is rough enough to catch tiny flakes of gold dust, which appear on its surface as a fine yellowish powdery substance. But my friend had several additions of his own invention. Halfway down the box into which he put the gravel was a slight hollow, covered only by a grating made of nails laid side by side. I asked what the purpose of this might be.

Tricks of the Trade

"That," he said proudly, "is a trap for quicksilver." He bent down to see better, as he did so putting on a pair of thin shell-rimmed pince-nez glasses, which gave him a scholarly appearance, in spite of his grime. "Quicksilver is heavy and falls through the grating as the water washes it down. Of course, it is very impure, and if I want to clean it I have to get some nitric acid and other things. Oh, yes, you have to be a chemist, too."

Below the lower end of the box was a grating of wires about six inches long, higher in the middle, falling off towards the sides. Onto this the gravel fell, and then dropped down the sides, while the water bearing the gold went right through onto the carpet. At the sides of the grating were rolls of canvas, like the sunshades you see on car windows. Well, you almost guessed it. Instead of keeping out the sun they kept out the wind, so that the water was not blown over the carpet and lost. His face glowing with pleasure, my friend showed me how these gadgets rolled up and down, or stayed halfway.

New Use for Carpets

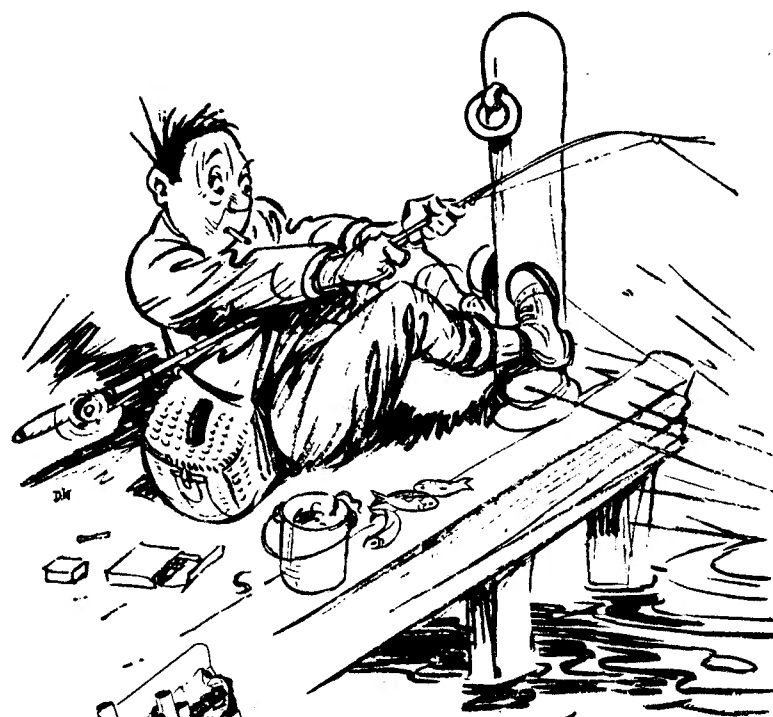
"I wish I could get a piece of Brussels carpet," he said. "That is a thing you can't get now." Although cautioned by my profs never to believe anything I was told, I took his word for it this time.

"Brussels carpet holds it better," he continued. "The gold is greasy. You get other things with gold—that's iron oxide, which always oc-

curs wherever there is gold; and," pointing to a streak of blackish sand, "that's some magnetite or ebonized iron."

So he went on in a technical discussion which would have done credit to a mining engineer addicted to oratory. He told me he was on his fourth ounce of gold, and that he got twenty-two dollars an ounce, above which the Dominion assayer received thirty-five cents. As soon as he finished his last ounce he would have enough money to leave the country. His mother had been born in France, but he reminded me more of the conventional Londoner one sees in the movies. He had had some previous experience as a prospector, notably in Nevada, where he had struck colour. But that had not lasted long. He was quite cheerful, though, and went on at length, now explaining, now philosophizing, while the river flowed on and the rustling yellow leaves dropped. When I had seen all, I continued on my sauntering way, with his cheery whistle in my ears, deciding that, after all, there were worse things than being unemployed. And I don't doubt that if you go down any time within the next few weeks, he will be pleased to be At Home to you.

An able exposition of the problem of assimilating continental Europeans in Western Canada is given by Dr. Walter Murray, president of the University of Saskatchewan.



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THEATRE REVIEWS

Where to Go

Showing Now:

"A Modern Wife," Rialto.
 "This Modern Age," Capitol.
 "Squaw Man," Princess
 "Side Show," Strand.

Saturday, October 17:

"A Modern Wife," Rialto.
 "Pardon Us," Capitol.
 "Squaw Man," Princess.
 "Merely Mary Ann," Strand.

Monday, October 19:

"Sin Takes a Holiday," Princess.
 "Young Woodley," Rialto.

Wednesday, October 21:

"My Sin," Capitol.
 "Road to Singapore," Strand.
 "The Magnificent Lie," Princess.

"A Modern Wife" is another story of domestic trials and the eternal triangle, this time changed into a quadrangle. Conrad Nagel and Genevieve Tobin play the parts of the husband and wife who, although in love after five years of married life, begin to have their first real difficulties. They quarrel, and the wife leaves home, going to work for her sister. Here the other man enters and the troubles continue. With the addition of another woman in the husband's life the plot continues in the usual way with the addition of some caveman tactics to change it somewhat. A good show of its type.

"Squaw Man"—An adaptation from the stage play of the same name directed by Cecil DeMille, showing at the Princess Theatre now, brings back to us many of the stars of the stage and silent pictures. It is fundamentally a story of contrasts between the life of the English nobility and that of the western plains. Among the stars who appear in this picture are: Warner Baxter, William Faversham,

HARBOUR

Here is a long trail ended—
 Oh rest with me—
 Finished the dusty miles of highway
 And the long leagues of sea.

Here is the Ultimate Thule
 Which we sought for;
 We turn no more to the way at dawn,
 Our boats can rot on the shore.

Here is no storm nor rain
 Nor a stealthy thief,
 And the world is new around
 With beauty beyond relief.

And no wind goes out at dawn
 To trouble the patient sea—
 Here is a long trail ended—
 Oh rest with me.

—O. R. W.

"Are you a union man?"
 "Yes, and I work sixteen hours a day."
 "I thought union men worked only eight hours a day."
 "They do, but you see I belong to two unions!"—Ohio State Sun Dial.

From a brief observation we can see that all the bad ties aren't in the railroads. — Champus Cat, Toronto Varsity.

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A FRIENDLY CHAT FROM CAT TO CAT

By Anne Zatsat

And then there's the Freshman that wanted to know if there was a stop sign at White Mud, because it took the cars so long to come back.

Co-eds! can't you just feature that big, broad-shouldered soldier man of yours (C.O.T.C.) proving himself a hero on the field of conquest with heirloom eggs?

Saint Albert may be just a small town on paper, but it's an inspiration in glass.

We hear there's a delegation of prominent "House Ecceors" going to give the Tuck the low-down on how this food problem should be solved: better food, less price. May the saints prosper them!

Anyway, these Empress Eugenie Hats keep off the rain.

On reliable information it is given out that at the first Saturday hop everybody did the same step. There wasn't even room for a difference of opinion.

That stack is just a pile of books to some, but it's a heap of work to others.

Permanent may be a long time in a physics lab., but it's six months in a hairdresser's.

We've got the brightest idea to rid us of this depression. Make all the sidewalks as rough as that stone one going up the avenue to Med. This would wear out shoes at least six times as fast. The shoemakers would have that much more business. They would circulate more money and send their offspring to Varsity, who would wear out their shoes six times as fast and—well, you go on from here.

Heard—quite frequently: "Who're you going to take to the Wauneta?" "Oh, I don't know, but then, thank goodness, neither does he."

There must be a lot of hot air in The Gateway office judging by the constant use of the steam shovel.

With that long walk from the street car line started again, the co-eds are in better shape.

Rather tough losing that Cairns trophy by so small a margin. But you would, too, if a caption writer had given the thing away before you even started.

We hear that the French department has protested against this golf innovation. It seems that some enraged athlete addressed his ball and then blushing said to his fair audience: "Excuse my French, please." Anyway, says the English department, "vocabularies are being increased."

We've thought of another beatitude: Blessed is he who gets a ride, for he shall not walk the bridge.

When the weather turned out so lovely for the week-end there was a lot of work to be done. Those frowns of anticipations had to be changed to smiles. Over one hundred muscles, you know.
 Meow, meow!

CAVEAT EMPTOR

(Following is a nearly-perfect facsimile of an interesting contract which is said to be binding on a certain Freshman and Freshette.)
 MEMORANDUM OF AGREEMENT made and entered into this 21st day of September in the year of Our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Thirty-one.

BETWEEN FRESH FRESHMAN of the University of Alberta situated at Edmonton in the Province of Alberta hereinafter called the party of the first part of the one part and "The Girl I Left Behind Me" of "Home Sweet Home" in the place of Nativity and Province aforesaid hereinafter called the party of the second part of the other part.

NOW THIS INDENTURE WITNESSETH that the party of the first part for himself his heirs administrators and assigns for and in consideration of the below mentioned agreement on the part of the party of the second part hereby covenants and agrees with the party of the second part for herself her heirs administrators and assigns that he the said party of the first part will forthwith immediately and without delay cut shave shear slice carve reap mow or otherwise remove from his upper lip any hair or hairs wool fur down feathers bristles or matter whatsoever growing or being about to grow or situated or located upon or appendant to the said lip as aforesaid and the said party of the first part furthermore agrees on the consideration aforesaid for himself his heirs administrators and assigns that he the said party of the first part his heirs administrators and assigns as aforesaid will not molest annoy tease tickle or otherwise disturb the said party of the second part her heirs administrators or assigns by wearing such hair or hairs wool fur down feathers bristles or matter whatsoever on the lip or lips of him or them the said party of the first part his heirs administrators or assigns as aforesaid.

AND the party of the second part for herself her heirs executors administrators and assigns in consideration of the agreements by the party of the first part hereinbefore mentioned covenants and agrees with the said party of the first part for himself his heirs executors administrators and assigns that she the said party of the second part her heirs executors administrators and assigns will at once stop discontinue break off or otherwise end any eating masticating swallowing or otherwise partaking or attempting to partake of any garbles cloves leeks onions or other vegetable substance of a similar nature.

AND the said party of the second part for herself her heirs executors administrators and assigns furthermore covenants with the said party of the first part his heirs executors administrators and assigns as aforesaid that she the said party of the second part her heirs executors administrators and assigns will not sing shout warble hum or otherwise vocalize that combination of sounds known as "Dream a Little Dream of Me" and furthermore that she or they will not execute said combination on any piano organ banjo mandolin guitar violin flute piccolo clarinet saxophone harp sack-butt psalter dulcimer or any instrument of torture whatsoever.

AND it is furthermore mutually agreed by and between the parties hereto as aforesaid that any difference misunderstanding or dispute between the aforesaid parties hereto concerning any matter hereinbefore covenanted or agreed upon shall be mutually referred to an arbitrator to be instantly agreed upon.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF the parties hereto have hereunto set their hands and affixed their seals the day and year first hereinbefore mentioned.

SIGNED SEALED AND DELIVERED in the presence of
 Its X mark (L.S.)
 Her X mark (L.S.)

—W. F. B.

AN INTERESTING SUMMER

By E. W.

For ten weeks this summer I was employed at the Chateau Lake Louise. This meant that I had to carry trays and set tables for about eight or nine hours every day, and to keep on good terms with twenty-six "engineers" (so-called for want of a better designation). Never having done such work before, I found it immensely interesting. I gradually learned my way about in the huge kitchen, so that I could order the desired meal without asking questions of every French and Chinese chef I met (or bumped into.) And to be able to balance a tray in the orthodox manner while dodging all the other waitresses, and "bus-boys," gave me great satisfaction. I even acquired such a speed with my tray that a certain Chinaman whose life vocation was potato peeling, used to watch me in admiration, and ejaculate "Long-leg."

The "engineers" were jolly good fellows, every one of them, in spite of the fact that they had never been initiated into the mysteries of etiquette regarding the use of knife and fork, and the drinking of soup. Several of them relieved their monotonous lives by occasionally getting very drunk, but then being a "coal-passer" is not the most fascinating occupation in the world, and even if one also plays the saxophone in the staff orchestra twice a week, the musical charm of "When Your Hair Has Turned to Silver," and "The Waltz You Saved For Me," might not prove a sufficient diversion.

The last I heard of my pet truck-driver was that he had been fined for being drunk, and had gone to Banff Springs Hotel, probably on his way home, where he had fallen from the third storey, and was thence conducted to the hospital! Queerly enough, my most vivid memory of him will always be that of his outstretched hands, groping for an empty milk pitcher—a signal for me to refill it for him for the third or fourth time!

"Big John" was another lovable character, huge grown-up baby, with an innocent disarming smile, and an insatiable desire for tea. His last name was unpronounceable—I do not yet know his nationality. But he had never been to school in his life, and it was pathetic to watch his huge fist painstakingly forming the words "eggs, bacon toast, cake, tea." He generously lent me a pair of his old overalls to wear to the "Hard-time Dance," and they, being about size 54, were a "huge" success.

Once I sunburnt my face very badly, and one of the men suggested that I use buttermilk as a cure. To illustrate his point, he told me the story of how he had once been "on a spree." He had become so inebriated that he lay unconscious all day in a park in the blazing sun, and was so badly sunburnt that he very nearly failed to "come to" at all, and he was cured with buttermilk! This was told in a perfectly unshamed manner, with the understanding that he and I were "birds of a feather." Needless to say, I appreciated his confidence, but I used Unguentine instead.

These are but a few of the many interesting characters we know, and I found the work so congenial that I wondered whether a waitress' life was not just as much fun as a U. of A. one.

ANOTHER COLUMN

By L.L.A.

To the Waunetas we proffer our sincerest apologies. We hear that the Wauneta reception is to be held after all. We hope that some of our hints of last week may be acted upon.

In this connection we would like to acknowledge the receipt of a large batch of fan mail in connection with our little write-up of last week. However, lack of space permits the publication of only one of the thousands of letters we received. This one is in the form of a poem, and was submitted to us by one I.H.:

Poor Me

I am forced to read the thorny path,
 Shun my dearest one,
 Be branded a misogynist!
 Oh, what bitter fun!

Why do I beat against blind walls
 When you can help me out—
 As I have often done before
 Now you must take me out.

My phone number I you will give
 That you may let me know
 When I must walk upon your left
 To a down town show.

I'm just sad and lonely, darling,
 My hands are shaky too,
 For I haven't the cash I used to have
 To blow it all on you.

I want to take you out still,
 My passion is not spent,
 But I feel so embarrassed,
 For I haven't got a cent!

My own trousers I must press!
 Walk to Varsity every day!
 Write on both sides of the paper!
 Dilute the ink, I say!

After all you're half the party
 And must share the bills,
 I will love you dearly for
 More and better thrills!

—I. H.

—and of course the tragic joke about the whole thing is that the writer of the above doesn't know even the half of it.

At last it has happened! The final debacle has come! The twilight of civilization is at hand! Premier Bennett, speaking at the hundredth anniversary of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., U.S.A., where he had been awarded the degree of Doctor of Civil Laws, practically admitted this fact, and he should know if anyone does. More specifically, he seemed to feel that western civilization is in rather bad shape, and that the responsibility for buttressing it up rests with what is so widely known to politicians as the rising generation.

As reported by the Edmonton Bulletin, Premier Bennett said in part: "The challenge to our civilization is very real. We built for nineteen

IT'S THIS WAY KEEP IN STEP

(Gateway Fashion Department)

It's fun and it's smart to knit your own sweater. Those snug, bright pull-overs are just the thing to wear these sunny fall days, and it's so easy to develop a style and individuality all one's own.

Jackets are all-important, and now that cooler weather is here, the fur jacket stressed in flat furs in first choice. One of the smartest of these fur jackets has a fitted waist and youthful pep.

Now that the pajama craze has hit America, some of the smartest lounging pajamas have been shown in bright terry cloth in plain and striped material. These, with severely tailored lounging robes of terry cloth or corduroy, make an exciting addition to any co-ed's wardrobe.

We discovered a long time ago that the best method of using vanishing cream as a thin protective film is to take a dab of the cream in the palm of one hand, and a few drops of skin tonic, and mix these to a creamy consistency. This creamy mixture will never cake, but may be applied evenly and smoothly, producing a lovely velvety surface.

Daytime colors favored by Paris include brown, green, red and the ever-popular black and white combination. By the way, when looking for costume jewelry to complement your black and white satin outfit, "those who know" advocate pearls.

For sports dresses, this is without doubt a wool season. "Lingerie touches" is Paris' latest edit, and very smart is the season's favorite woollen dress, its severity relieved by dainty collar and cuffs of sheer material. Rows of lace trim many of the smartest of collar and cuff sets.

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centuries a civilization of which we have been proud and of which we have boasted on many occasions, in fact, upon all occasions when opportunity afforded. That civilization is challenged, and the challenge is real."

And to quote the Bulletin's report further: "In the minds of the colleges there rested at this moment a great and awful responsibility—a responsibility of leadership—of giving this sick and diseased world after diagnosis a prescription to return to economic health."

It seems to us that Premier Bennett, or in fact any person in public life or anywhere else, who makes such a statement is making at the same time a very damning admission, namely, that the older generation which is now running things (or is at least supposed to be running things) has made a fearful muddle of the whole business, and is now looking around for someone else to take over the mess and try to make something out of it. That they should turn of all places to Youth, the awful Flaming Youth! and especially the particularly degenerate Rah-Rah type which infests our colleges (if one is to believe the diatribes appearing in numerous papers and periodicals—all sponsored of course by the "older generation") is nothing short of an abject admission of complete and hopeless defeat, and we are surprised that of all people such a strong and independent leader as Premier Bennett should have given voice to such a sentiment.

FRIENDS

We met upon life's pathway,
 Not so very long ago,
 But lo, today we part
 For a month, a year or so.

And thus it seems to be
 Friends leave us one by one,
 But lo, in memory
 Our friendship's just begun.

The friends we make today
 Are the friends we long to see;
 Though they be far away
 They are dear to you and me.

Oh, happy thought of friends—
 The thought that makes us free;
 The thought that when life ends
 With these dear friends we'll be.
 —C. F. P.

Occupation

Him—"Does Mr. Crawford, a student, live here?"
 Landlady—"Well, Mr. Crawford lives here, but I thought he was a night watchman."—Dirge.

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SPORTS



SOCCKER TEAM SMASHES WAY THROUGH TO FINALS FOR DRAGOON CUP

Varsity Senior Soccer Team Enters Dragoon Cup Finals

Donaldson, Gaudin and Turner Star for Green and Gold as They Defeat Radial Rovers 7-2

By a decisive win over the Radial Rovers in the semi-final game in Diamond Park on Thanksgiving Day, Skip Gaudin and team will meet the Legion some time soon for the Dragoon Cup. The game was one of the best this season has afforded, and gave the fans some real thrills. The Radials put up a desperately hard battle, but were outclassed. The win was largely due to the solidity of Varsity's defence.

Facing the sun, Varsity kicked off and carried the ball into the Radials' goal area. Play surged back and forth from one end to the other; then in an exchange of shots, Turner drove the ball into the net for the first goal, to put Varsity one up. This was the only score of the first half, though the play was hard fought. The Radials' forwards broke through many times, only to be robbed of the ball by the fullbacks. Varsity's forwards were unable to center the ball on account of close checking. Their few shots went wild or were easily saved by Wallis, the Radial goalie. The first half was resplendent with thrills and spills.

The second half opened with a strong rally by the Radials, and again

ESKS DRAW TIGERS' CLAWS BY SCORE 10-2

Feeling Runs High During Saturday's Game—Smith's Kicking is a Feature

By Art Allen
(Our Red Deer Correspondent)

A gang of blue-sweatered rugby players who refused to be beaten turned the tables on the boys from the cowtown and, to the surprise of the wise ones, sent the Tigers down to a 10-2 count. The Eskimos just refused to be beaten. From "Fighting" Bud Williamson down to the last sub, they were out to win—and that's the spirit that wins rugby games, gentle reader.

Calgary opened the scoring by forcing Smith out of touch early in the first quarter. They then completed a beautiful forward pass to carry the ball down to the Esk goal line. On receiving a punt Williamson was forced into touch behind the goal line, and the score read: Calgary 2, Esks 0. The quarter ended with Calgary in the lead.

In the second half Smith opened by kicking far back to Johnson, who ran the kick back over his goal line to save being rouged. Tigers failed to make yards on a buck, and kicked to Esks, who returned. The Eskimo ended the Tiger for their first point. The rouge was off Smith's kick.

Tigers staged an aerial attack, punting frequently to Smith, who ran back the kicks well. By a series of bucks the Esks worked the ball to the Calgary 35 yard line, and then Duggan called for a kick. Smith dropped a beautiful field goal to put the Esks

Donaldson and his mate, Hamilton, cleared. Gaudin made good use of a chance by getting another goal. A few minutes later clever passing enabled Rothweiler to beat Graham for the Radials' first counter. Then the Green and Gold boys ran wild. Gaudin got two in quick succession. Turner, playing inside right, turned in a great game, scoring two more by hard shooting. Graham was hard pressed by the Radials, and got wrapped up in his own net when a husky forward shoved the ball and him both in. Yet by clever dodging and fine throwing he saved all but two in the whole game.

The game ended in a last desperate rally, but Varsity's defence still held. Convey kicked well, and Brown and McConnell did some clever checking that certainly helped the forwards. Gaudin got four and Turner three goals. Ritchie and Howells showed good form, as did Woznow. What got the fans cheering was the fine defence. One of the sights was the scoring of a goal by a Varsity man while standing on his neck.

If Varsity plays the same brand of soccer when they meet the Legion, get the cupboard unlocked for the Dragoon Cup. There will be hard practice this week to put the final edge on training. Don't forget to see the next game, for it's going to be a thriller. Cheer for the Green and Gold.

The lineups:
Varsity—Graham, goal; Hamilton, right full back; Donaldson, left full back; Brown, right half; Convey, centre half; McConnell, left half; Ritchie, outside right; Turner, inside right; Gaudin, centre forward; Howells, inside left; Woznow, outside left; sub, Weekes.

Radials—Wallis, goal; Kerr, right fullback; Johnson, left fullback; Brown, right half; McDowell, centre half; Chapman, left half; James, outside right; Meekin, inside right; Rothweiler, centre forward; Hannah, inside left; Dunning, outside left; sub, Ness.

up 4-2. Calgary fought back gamely, Johnson making some sparkling gains around the ends. He also ran back the kicks for good gains, but the Esks were right there, and on a fumble in mid-field recovered the ball and worked it to the Tiger 25 yard line. An attempted field-goal failed, but counted for 1 point as a kick to the line.

Calgary's ball on 25 yard line. They failed on a forward pass and kicked. Time. Calgary made yards four times and Esks twice. The Esks had the edge in kicking and open field play. Calgary tried five forwards and completed one.

Calgary kicked and the Esks failed to get yards on bucks. Williamson for the Esks and Johnson for the Tigers ran some good end plays.

Esks got the ball in position for a drop and called in Jones, whose drop was blocked. Calgary recovered and made yards twice on end runs. Tackling was hard and scraggy—a continual line of offenders trooped to the mourner's bench.

Another kick by Smith was carried out behind the Calgary goal line to put the Esks another point up. Calgary, growing impatient, tried numerous forwards, none of which were completed. Johnson was rouged on catching Smith's kick. Soon after Smith kicked to the line for another point. Again Johnson, who has as sure a pair of hands as we've ever seen, is brought down behind his own line.

On the final whistle Calgary was down 10-2. By winning the next game the Esks can tie up the series and force a play-off.

For the Tigers, Johnson was the stand-out. Their line was weak compared to the strong work of Menzies, Yancey, Mills and company. Smith, Williamson and Duggan shone in the backfield for the Eskimos.

SPLASH AND GURGLE OUTFIT ORGANIZES

Baker, the Perennial President, Again Head Harpooner—Depression Special in Tickets

Here is news! And it is sure to interest a lot of people. At any rate, they didn't come to the meeting to find out about it. No doubt they preferred to read this account of it in The Gateway. It is encouraging for the reporters to know that they are so popular.

The executive of the Swimming Club for this year was elected as follows:

President: Ted Baker.
Vice-president: Norma Cameron.
Sec.-Treas.: Guy Kinnear.
Men's team captain: Art McConkey.
Senior rep.: Marjorie Crang.
Junior rep.: Ronald Keith.
Fresh reps.: Don Wilson and Evelyn Barnett.

This should be a very good committee. Already one of its members has exerted her charms very effectively in getting a reduction in the price the club pays for the use of the Y.W.C.A. pool. And this is the news! A substantial reduction in the fees will be possible. The members of the committee will tell you about this when you pursue them through the halls in order to ask for a ticket.

There is some very promising material in the Freshman class, including Don Wilson and Kay Swallow, and a very successful year is predicted for the Swimming Club.

MAT AND MITT MEN MUSTER MAULERS

Dr. Taylor, Dr. Dodds Will Instruct—Big Season Expected—Bob Jackson President

A meeting of the Boxing and Wrestling Club was held Friday night, Oct. 9. Bob Jackson, as president of the club, presided, and the first business accomplished was the election of "Torchy" Hilliker as secretary of the Boxing Club. Karl Kosior was elected secretary of the Wrestling Club and Jack Ford press representative.

Dr. Taylor, instructor in boxing, and Dr. Dodds, instructor in wrestling, were both present, and expressed a desire to arouse interest in inter-collegiate boxing and wrestling tournaments.

It was decided that nights for boxing should be Mondays and Thursdays from 5 to 6 in St. Joe's gym, and wrestling nights were arranged as Wednesdays and Fridays from 5 to 6 in the lower gym of Athabasca Hall. The fees this year are set at \$2.50 for both boxing and wrestling.

Dr. Hardy was selected as the honorary president, and we all know that he is one on whom we can rely for sound advice in any question that may arise.

Judging from the turnout at the meeting, we are expecting a very successful year, as everyone seems keenly interested in the club.

LET'S GO!

Double Header Rugby—

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Varsity Senior Ruggers Lose Two Week-end Games

Lose to Manitoba 16-6 and Calgary 7-0 in Two Hard-fought Games Scores No Indication of Play—Team Shows Up Well

The University of Alberta senior rugby team lost its first intercollegiate game to the highly-touted grid squad of the University of Manitoba by the score of 16-6 last Saturday. The Manitobans had the edge on Varsity in weight, and relied on bucks for the majority of their plays. The lighter Alberta line was weakened materially by the damaging plunges of the Brown and Gold.

Varsity took the lead in the first quarter with a rouge to lead till the end of the quarter. The Manitobans had the wind in the second quarter and made good use of it, getting two kicks and a rouge to lead Alberta 3-1 at half-time. Manitoba strengthened in the third quarter, and went further into the lead when Doctor went over for a touchdown. Currie converting. Shortly after Ritchie obtained a safety touch. The Manitobans opened the fourth quarter with a kick to the deadline by Currie, this man coming back soon after to go over for a touchdown, which was not converted. Varsity then scored when Al Hall came through with a neat placement kick. The scoring ended when McDonald kicked to the deadline for the Manitobans.

For Varsity, Timothy and Hall shone on the offensive as usual. Park, our freshman middle, had little trouble in holding Red Currie, Manitoba's plunging half. It was during the time that Park was of with a broken finger that Currie crashed over for his touchdown. McDonald, Doctor and Currie shone for the Manitobans.

Varsity vs. Tigers
The Calgary Tigers obtained revenge for their defeat at the hands of the Edmonton Eskimos by defeating the Varsity seniors 7-0 on Thanksgiving day. The game was played before a capacity crowd, but was of the listless variety, neither Varsity or Calgary dishing up a very good brand of rugby.

Calgary opened the scoring in the first quarter with a contested touchdown. A Tiger kick was fumbled behind the Varsity line, and there was considerable diversification of opinion as to whether it was a touchdown or a rouge. However, a touchdown was awarded to the Tigers. From then on there was a see-saw battle up and down the field, with neither team having an appreciable edge of play. The Tigers got two kicks to the deadline to complete the scoring of the game.

Mickey Timothy and Harold Rich-

SPORTING SLANTS

There seems to be a woeful lack of interest in sports this year. Our track team came back from Manitoba on Tuesday evening and found four students who were sufficiently proud of them to meet them. Surely the students are not ashamed of them. I'm not. They put up a wonderful showing, and it was just tough luck that prevented them from bringing back the Cairns Cup. Every member of the team has been in training all summer in preparation for the meet. If they give that much time, surely we can find time to go down and give them a welcome. The writer is heartily ashamed of the turn out on Tuesday evening, and is sure the track team expected a little more support. They deserve it.

Well, Saskatchewan never won the meet in any easy manner. It was, without doubt, the closest meet ever staged in western intercollegiate sport circles. Manitoba, although the low scorers with 45 points, were only 4 points below Alberta. We would love to have been there.

Our junior rugby team deserves praise for the way in which they smeared Scotty Brown's Eskimos on Monday. With Richard back they should have little trouble annexing the city championship.

Our senior gridriders did not make as good a showing over the week-end as the juniors did. It may interest people to know that not once did Manitoba make yards on one down. This is rather odd in any rugby game, and proves to us that our boys are no push-over for any team.

The senior line seems a little weak, even though Park and Stewart did turn in good games. This man Park has intestinal fortitude—playing through the better part of a game with a broken finger.

Hanging up their second victory of

Varsity Junior Grid Squad Trim Eskimos by 7-1 Score

Varsity Demonstrates Superiority—Kramer, Morton, McIntyre, and Al Millar Star for Students

The Varsity junior rugby team took the bull by the horns on Monday last and decisively trimmed the Junior Eskimos by the score of 7-1. Contrary to the opinion of the Edmonton Journal on the matter, the Varsity team did not outweigh the Eskimos. It was their superior playing ability that won them the game. This victory by Varsity necessitates a third game to decide the city junior champions, and this game will be played before the Alberta-Saskatchewan tussle next Saturday afternoon. With Frank Richard on the line-up again, Varsity should have little trouble in downing the Esks again.

Dolighan Bottled Up

Varsity, led by Chown, Morton, Killick and Kramer, had control of the game at all times, having no great trouble in watching Dolighan, the Esks flying wing. He did a lot of jumping around on receiving Varsity kicks, but never ran one back over five yards. The first quarter saw a tight battle for the lead, with the Esks completing two forward passes. However, there was no scoring, even though the Esks did look good and threatened several times. The second quarter opened with Kramer eluding Eskimo men for a neat 45 yard run to the Eskimo 5 yard line. The Esks held Varsity here for two down and Morton kicked, Moher rouging Dolighan for Varsity's first point. An Eskimo kick by Dolighan was blocked shortly after, and Kramer ran wild for another 35 yard gain. Several plunges then carried them close to the Eskimo line, Morton punting to the Eskimo deadline to give Varsity a 2-0 lead. The Esks pressed hard, but a penalty for offside interference robbed them of their chance to score.

Varsity Presses Hard

Varsity opened with heavy plunges in the third quarter and ripped open the Esk line for good-sized gains. They worked down into Esk territory, and Morton kicked, but Dolighan was able to return it. Varsity then attempted a placement, but it went low, and Dolighan tried to kick it to the deadline, but failed, McIntyre falling on the ball to give Varsity five points, leaving the score at 7-0 for Varsity.

The Eskimos pressed hard in the last quarter, with Dolighan and McCallum making nice gains. The result was a kick to the deadline, giving the Eskimos their lone point.

The lineups:
Varsity: Halves, Wilson, Trott, McIntyre; flying wing, McElroy; quarter, Chown; snap, Millar; insides, Morton, Balfour; middles, Carlyle, Killick; ends, Moher, Kramer; subs, Manning, Procter, Humelos, Robert-

the season, the soccer team won their way into the finals of the Dragoon Cup series. They trimmed the Radial Rovers handily 7-2. They meet the Legion in the finals, and have already beaten that team in an exhibition match.

It appears that Manitoba has a very strong girls' track team. They must have, to amass fifty odd points.

Eddie McCourt was a pillar of strength on the Alberta team, winning all his events to cop the individual championship. Frank Richard, although held back by a cracked rib, did very well in the meet. We need men like him.

INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETIC UNION HOLDS MEETING

Clarence Cook, Saskatoon, Elected President at Annual Gathering

(Edmonton Journal)
WINNIPEG, Oct. 13.—Problems confronting college athletic directors were discussed and some of them solved, at a meeting of the executive of the Western Canada Intercollegiate Athletic Union Saturday.

Saskatoon was chosen for the scene of the semi-annual meeting to be held February 4, at which the Amateur Athletic Union of Canada will be represented by the Manitoba delegate. Clarence Cook of Saskatoon was elected president, and William Meadows of the Alberta delegation, vice-president. Prof. W. K. Gordon of Saskatchewan was re-elected secretary.

The executive voted to determine at the semi-annual meeting the date and location of the 1932 track meet. It was decided that a medal similar to the men's be awarded to co-ed individual track champions.

Following much detailed discussion, a tentative schedule for intercollegiate hockey was drawn up for Alberta, Manitoba and Saskatchewan teams.

Owing to the change in the date of Thanksgiving, it was necessary to either change plans for the intercollegiate rugby games or hold the Manitoba players in Edmonton for four days between games. It was decided to consult the Alberta Student Movement in an effort to secure financial support to aid in payment of these expenses.

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Material Monuments of L. C. Smith

By J.B.

Soccer Substitutes?

We noticed on the bulletin board in the Arts Building the other day an interesting communication from the Secretary-Treasurer of the Edmonton and District Football Association, in which it was stated that the Association had adopted the new rule regarding substitutes in soccer. The association cannot be blamed for accepting this innovation any more than the Freshmen can be blamed for participating in the initiation; both actions are rendered compulsory by reason of their being fostered by a ruling authority. The pros and cons of the substitute question have been discussed time and again, but still we can see no good reason for the adoption of the rule except possibly a means of relieving unemployment among the followers of the game. We feel, however, that this end could be reached by some other means and, in the meantime, the substitute rule remains as about the only totally unnecessary item in an otherwise excellent code. The chief objection to the regulation lies in the extreme difficulty of its honest administration and the added discretionary powers vested in the referees in an endeavour to overcome it, besides very probably being very unwelcome to those officials, must, in many cases, tend to alienate them from the confidence of the players. The F.A. of England has not yet seen fit to recognize the rule, and a controlling body of its experience and magnitude of operation might be reasonably considered in the light of a sound example.

"Continental Drama"

The Edmonton Little Theatre opens its third season with "Death Takes a Holiday," a so-called comedy by Albert Cassella. Something in the nature of a split in the ranks of the Little Theatre seems to have been narrowly avoided over the production of Franz Molnar's "Liliom" as a wind-up to last year's activities; at any

rate, dissension was quite rampant among the public. Fortunately this dissension only reached the stage where it served as an advertisement for the play in question and could not be said to have worked any immediate harm to the organization. Although both "Liliom" and "Death Takes a Holiday" appear to come under the wide head of Continental drama, it must not be assumed that all specimens of this type of theatre are the same. Undoubtedly, "Liliom" had many points in its favour, but, as a whole, it impressed us as something rather vicious—vicious in the worst sense of the word. Mr. Cassella's production is not vicious; it does not deal with toughs of the lowest type and does not embody as its theme an aspect of human life so thoroughly "low" and sordid that, though undeniably true, it comes under the category of things we don't talk about and far less advertise. "Death Takes a Holiday" is a fantasy, and a very delightful fantasy at that!

Resource

Remarkable evidence to the effect that every Varsity student is not entirely irresponsible and totally without any sense of forethought has come to light recently with the statement issued by a member of this year's student body. While of course paying the very strictest attention to the all-important business of surviving the final examinations, this gentleman has not overlooked the possibility of his not doing so and has lined up a vocation to take the place of that which he is at present studying in the unhappy event of his being unable to continue with it. This vocation is to take the somewhat unusual form of Training Bengal Tigers with a Bath Towel. Having procured the tigers, the rest apparently is both easy and inexpensive. It will no doubt come as a startling discovery to those interested in the habits and peculiarities of these huge and ferocious felines to realize their extreme docility when faced with that emblem of cleanliness—the Bath Towel. We wish the originator of this alluring pastime the very best of luck should it fall to his lot to be compelled to turn it to pecuniary account.

"Sporting Blood"

Like a ray of sunshine in the midst of a welter of overcast skies came the film "Sporting Blood." It chiefly served to show us that it was possible for a picture to be something other than mawkish, sensational or purely rotten. We may be a trifle biased by reason of the fact that this show concerned the Sport of Kings, a sport for which unpretentious commoners such as we also fall. But there would be little denying that the outstanding rationality of the whole production put it on a plane above the average run of features. We are getting heartily sick of the glorifying of the Gangster, Jumbles in the Jungle and an unnaturally ubiquitous Cupid. Should "Sporting Blood" again visit Edmonton we have not the slightest qualm in recommending it to those in search of a plain, good show.

An Odd Origin

There is no valid proof of the statement that the City of London, England, was laid out on the plan of a man chasing a calf, but there is every substantiation of the little known fact that Rugby football was the outcome of a scandalous foul in the game of soccer as played in 1823. In the Headmaster's garden wall at Rugby

School may be seen a delightful pink tablet bearing the following commemorative inscription relative to the extraordinary behaviour of one William Webb Ellis who, "with a fine disregard for the rule of the game as played in his day, took up the ball in his arms and ran with it." The resultant evolution of Rugby football might be classed as production of good out of evil for we cannot conceive any "fine disregard" for any rule. A short time ago we showed an equally fine disregard for the Rules of the Road as played in our day, but up to the time of going to Press we have had no tablet erected to our memory. We are merely out of pocket.

Exit the Radials

Seldom have we seen such an exhilarating exhibition of soccer such as was served up on Thanksgiving Day at Diamond Park. The outstanding high-lights of the game were (1) the amazing speed and bustling methods of the Varsity team, which lasted throughout the conflict except for a short spell during the second half, (2) the excellence of the Radial goalkeeper, who was supreme except for one alarming lapse in the second half, (3) the sharpshooting of two of the Varsity inside forwards and the cast-iron defence of the Varsity backs and right halves, (4) the unorthodox methods of the Varsity goalkeeper who, in the words of a garrulous spectator, may not have much style, but 'e do keep 'em out.' The Radial centre was undoubtedly a marvellous player, but he and all his colleagues fell into the fatal trap of waiting for the ball to come to them without con-

sidering the possibility of its being intercepted. Fortune was with the Green and Gold, especially in the scoring of their first goal, which bounced over the prostrate Radial custodian for no reason whatever. There seems to be little reason why the Varsity team should not go the last step in the competition if they can play again as they played on Monday. Good luck to them!

"Take That"

One of the big things of The Gateway last week was a terrific tirade against "puerile cynicism" which cloaks itself in the becoming garb of "constructive criticism." The writer, "C.J.J.," by reason of his or her intimate knowledge of their activities and sacrifices, obviously proclaims him or herself to be one of the "fifty or sixty men and women who are responsible directly or indirectly for everything that is accomplished round the campus." Then, after indulging in one remarkable self-contradiction, a thoroughly ungrammatical sentence and a barrage of expository dashes which confuse anyone but the writer, he or she fails utterly to specify whom the especial malcontents are against whom this colossal bombardment of reproach is directed. If we knew who was being so thoroughly castigated we would probably take off our hats to the castigator, but the article as it stands appears to be nothing less than a direct attempt to abolish the Freedom of the Press. It is a great pity that such a supremely eloquent discourse should be laid open to misconstruction merely because it generalizes where it is most expected to do the very opposite.

I Went To A Debate

I know you wonder what The Gateway is coming to when it allows an article to be published on a debate, but if you can wade through this you may find it less dry than on first sight—in fact, I think it is all wet.

Well, I went to a debate—yes, I am sure I went to a debate, and much against my will. That was where all the trouble began, and I haven't been the same since. It happened this way—the society for the promotion of bigger and better co-eds (I personally like them small) asked me to go into this debate, and like a fool, in a moment of weakness, I said I would. But then, you must make allowances—my grandfather had died the week before, and you know how it is. The debate began at 8 p.m., but as I was the last speaker on the negative I didn't show up until 8:30 p.m. My worthy colleague was speaking, and although he didn't do very well I was not worried in the least, as I knew my opponents were also poor speakers. However—to get on with the show—my partner sat down, and my opponent started to speak. His speech was a marvel—he was the finest yes-yes man I had ever heard. It could not last, notwithstanding at least, and after deliberating, concentrating, periphrasing, associating and participating, he became exhausted and sat down.

I rose to the occasion with all my dignity and grace, all my poise and composure and all my vim, vigor, vitality, fire, enthusiasm and pep, and addressed my most serious and august (or was it July?) audience, and began: "Ladies and gentlemen, worthy opponents and honorable judges,—After listening to the extolling exuberance of my most worthy adversaries' idealistic expatriation I trust that you will revert your analytical minds to consider the most serious side of this complex question. Now let us consider the question that is before us. Is it better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all? The answer is obvious—No. Why? I have but one argument to put forth, but that is very potent. All the great men in history went down to defeat because they loved and lost. Take for instance, such men as Adam, Julius Caesar, Mark Antony, Napoleon, George III, and others.

"Take Adam (the man who came first in the human race), he loved Eve, but he also loved apples. What happened? He lost peace, contentment, happiness, orange, lemon, lime, cherry, grape, ginger ale, coca, cola, peanuts, chewing gum, chocolate bars, ice cream cones and hot dogs). Next

EXCHANGE

Stanford University, Cal. (I.P.).—Dr. David Starr Jordan, 80, chancellor emeritus of Stanford University, scientist and leader for world peace, died here Sept. 19.

Said the New York Nation of his death:

"A brave, far-sighted and noble citizen, a great college president was David Starr Jordan, whose death in the fullness of years has been reported. The cause of peace in the United States had no more devoted advocate in season and out of season. When the folly and the madness of the war lust were upon us in 1916-17, Dr. Jordan faced calumny and abuse with calmness and unflinching courage. He was tried but not found wanting, and unlike the many pre-war pacifists of the type of Nicholas Murray Butler, he refused to compromise or to recede in any way from his position that war was the crime of crimes. Indeed, it is heartrending to record that this admirable patriot and great scientist and educator declared in his last utterance that 'all war is murder, robbery, trickery, and no nation ever escaped great losses of men, prosperity, and virility. War knows no victor.' He was the author of many volumes, seven of which were given to the cause of peace. His autobiography of his well-lived years he called 'The Days of a Man.' He was one of the great group of college presidents, including such men as Eliot of Harvard, Angell of Michigan, and Van Hise of Wisconsin, who not only advanced education and educational methods, but were inspiring citizens and leaders of public opinion as well."

POT POURRI

Hodnut Scoffs at Will Durant's Condemnation of Count Hermann Keyserling—Further Examples of American Antagonism to the Pure Idea, The Pure Thought

By Percival Hodnut

In one of our literary sallies last session, we found occasion to take for a ride one so-called American individualist (Benjamin DeCasseres), who, after scoring the "American Antagonism to the Pure Thought, The Pure Idea," set out to show that Albert Einstein was a dreamy palooka. Benjamin's hypocrisy caused us to be most indignant with him.

Durant—the Pan American

Now we come to Will Durant, another *soi-disant* intellectual giant who likes to belittle ideas which are just a little in advance of him, yet later manages to clothe these same ideas in different form—thus gaining credit as their originator. As is frequently the case with these "pan" Americans, these chaps who hate to see another block them from the limelight, Durant falls afoul of his own nastiness. Which gives us an excuse for panning him.

The Yoke is on Durant

Count Hermann Keyserling, one time owner of large German estates, now a famous writer of studies of oriental philosophy, made a fly-by-night (and-by-day) visit to America a year or two ago, and wrote some interesting comments on the American scene as he saw it. Considering the short time (was it a week?) he spent in crossing the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, Count Hermann remembered an astounding number of his impressions (no doubt he had made notes between handshakes). Not always was the Count complimentary to the dear old U.S., and that caused the trouble.

Will Durant managed to plough through Hermann's "wise-cracks," and promptly set to work to correct any erroneous ideas that his admiring public might have gained. To do this, of course, Will simply had to have a catchword title, just as Percival Hodnut has to have catchword subtitles; so he called Count Hermann Keyser-

Professor T. R. Glover, for several years Professor of Latin at Queen's, has embodied in an amusing essay the substance of one of his lectures here last fall, "Diet in History." He claims that a fondness for sugar (used on porridge and in tea and coffee) led to the importation of negro slaves into the West Indies, and subsequently into the Southern United States. The American Civil War was made possible. The lowly and often despised turnip is one of the reasons for England's greatness. The proper evolution of this story, however, is too long to be given here.

ling "The Supreme Egotist." Mr. Durant subsequently earned for himself the title "The Supreme Egg," as we shall try to prove.

Keyserling is criticized (by Durant) from the ground up because of his inanity in attempting to picture America after so short a sojourn in that land of liberty. This short paragraph carries the point which is more evident in what follows:

A Dew-Dew-Dewey Day

As a man who is often included with John Dewey and Cohen as composing (in part) the American group of philosophers, Durant was bound to go to India some time or other. He did. And wrote a book. Or magazine articles. Or both.—Background? A fly-by-night (and-by-day) trip through a huge country.

India Dear?

Durant is now recognized (by the *hoi polloi*) as an authority on India. There is absolutely nothing concerning her problems which does not seem quite clear to the man. That, readers, is lovely, is it not? Why should we spend a lifetime trying to understand our own or another country, when the Durant (née Keyserling) system teaches one everything in a week? The accused is declared guilty.

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Fresh Class Are Not to be Frightened—Come Along and Make Yourself at Home

I'll start right at the beginning so you'll understand all about it. It was in the upper Wauwata rooms one day at 4:30 that a prominent senior said, "Coming to French Club?" I evidently surprised her by answering in the negative, and when a further confession was wrung from me to the effect that I had never been to a meeting of that group the poor girl simply emitted a stifled "Oh!" and crumpled up in a weak heap on a Wauneita table. (Probably that is one of the many causes for the wobbly condition of that object!) Calm having been reinstated, my senior friend and I talked the matter over. I had reached my junior year in the University of Alberta, and I had never attended a meeting of "Le Cercle Francais." Don't think that my interest in the University activities registered negatively—I was an active member of the undergraduate clubs and a real booster for them.

DRAMAT ORGANIZES FOR COMING SESSION

Date Set for Inter-Year Competition at Dec. 6th—Discuss Possibilities of Presenting Spring Play Overture

There are signs of activity in Dramat circles once more, as the time for organization for the Inter-year Play Competition approaches. The first executive meeting was held on Wednesday, and plans laid for what we hope will be a successful season. A meeting of those belonging to the Freshman class who are interested in dramatics, either as actors, directors, scene shifters, or off-stage noises, is scheduled for Monday next, for purposes of organization. The representatives of the other years, Sophomore, Junior and Senior, will call meetings of their respective classes next week, it is expected, and they urge everyone who is even vaguely interested, to turn out.

The Inter-year Play Competition is to be on Dec. 6th. On this occasion each year presents a one-act play, occupying not more than half an hour. These plays are judged by able persons, who are usually quite hard to please, but very understanding, and a shield is presented to the year which produces the best play. The best actor and actress are also suitably awarded.

A committee, director, and two stage hands are chosen by each year. Plays must be submitted for the approval of the Dramat Executive by Nov. 1st.

We hope that everyone will watch for notices of the meetings on the Dramat board and in The Gateway; and please turn out—we need you!

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The whole difficulty was that I didn't understand about the French Club. It was my confirmed opinion, and also evidently that of the greater part of the student body, men and women of different years, that this club was some far-distant goal to be attained only by a few selected members who were registered as honor students of French. I often had wondered what happened at French clubs, and many the time and oft a great yearning surged up in my soul to attend a meeting; but however great this desire was, it never quite overwhelmed me to the extent I could brave the precincts of that exalted session room. Fear and awe combined with room. Fear and awe combined with natural feminine apprehension (ahem!) ruled me, and with reluctance I would leave the scene and bathe my dejected soul in "Tuck-balm."

How terribly mistaken I had been all those years was explained to me by my senior benefactor. When she assured me that I would not be humiliated by a forced exit, I accompanied her to the meeting, and I haven't missed one since.

We sat down with two or three others that I knew and chatted in French! I found that I could not only understand, but could keep up with my share of the conversation. All my slaving at French syntax and grammar was at last rewarded, and as a long distance swimmer I began to see that distant shore. The shore is still distant, but every meeting of the French Club draws me nearer and nearer to its sunny banks. (Readers are asked to overlook any and all metaphors.) Oh, my, yes! We were served tea and cake, so if any of you Freshmen have a real date for Tuck, bring her to French Club. She'll love it, and you'll get her education started in the right way. And when you get to Paris—how you'll be able to talk!

There will be skits, talks, debates, and probably a play in the spring. The members last year set a high standard for us to keep up, but with Freshmen, Sophomores and Upper Classmen working together—we'll be air-minded and have the sky our limit.

The club is for everybody, and everybody be for the club and start things off with a bang!

NOON HOUR

We left the Arts Building, lunches in hand, and made our way to the top of the hill overlooking the river. There we stopped to gaze at the beauty before us.

The scene had changed greatly in the last few days. The trees, which a day or two before, had been gorgeous in various shades of crimson and gold, were nearly stripped bare of their leaves. Here and there a leaf more tenacious than its fellows clung with all its might, only to be swept away with the next strong gust of wind. Following the course of the leaf as it fell, my gaze was suddenly directed to a little glade where the sun, peeping over the edge of the quickly gathering clouds, turned the scarlet leaves of the cranberry bushes into a picture so beautiful that I fairly caught my breath as I looked and looked, filling my whole being with the loveliness of it all.

A fallen log presented a convenient place to sit and eat our lunch. It was, oh, so much nicer than inside. The beauty around us kept our minds from petty gossip that so often is the main theme of noon-hour conversation.

Just as we finished our last bite of apple the rain began to fall, and we hastily scrambled up to the road in order to watch the storm and run for shelter before we got soaked.

The wind had risen, and the clouds which before had been massed in the west were now sweeping across the sky. One long, twisting cloud looked as if it might have been the trail of smoke from the fiery chariot of an angry god, or a huge serpent stretching its scaly length across the sky. The clouds still massed together took on the appearance of an ancient castle with its battlements and turrets presenting a hostile front to any who might approach.

We stood thus, reading stories in the clouds till the rain began to pour down, and we made a dash for the Arts, arriving breathless, but feeling that at least this day had given us something worthy of remembrance.

—M. E. S.

NOTICE

All students not having obtained their Athletic Ticket must get same from Students' Union office before Oct. 17th.

The dates on which refunds on Athletic Tickets can be obtained are October 19th and 20th, between the hours of 9 a.m. and 6 p.m.

To obtain this refund students must present their Athletic card at Students' Union office, as stated above.

GEORGE A. D. WILL,
Treasurer.

NOTICE TO FRESHMEN

A meeting of the Freshman Class will be held in Med 158 on Monday, Oct. 19, for the purposes of class organization in dramatic activities.

TED MANNING,
President, Students' Union.

BIG EXCITEMENT WITH ARTS HIKE

Moving Pictures Accompanied by Amateur Talks—Also Food

Well, to start, to commence, to begin with, the hikers assembled at 7:00 p.m. in front of Pembina, a very suitable and convenient place. Half an hour later, someone made the happy suggestion that the hike get started, and it did. Past Pembina, the grid, a barn, some brush and generally in a southwesterly direction, the couples walked leisurely, some singing and some chatting, until the river bank was reached, where the tickets were collected before allowing the crowd to go over the top.

After climbing over the bank, a sort of amphitheatre was reached, whereupon everyone proceeded to find a comfortable spot to rest their weary limbs. Moving pictures were then shown, both of them. The first was an extremely modern play concerning a young couple, the husband being "crazy over horses," and the wife a very suspicious woman. The second play depicted the rollicking welcome extended by a young couple to their seafaring uncle. As well as

having the servants dressed like sailors and doing the sailor's hornpipe, they rocked the dinner table and sprayed the old fellow with salt water while he was in bed. The pictures were accompanied by constant wisecracks from broken plates. The pictures, not being talkies, gave many the opportunity to air their title-reading instincts.

The large bonfire was lit, and the hungry mob was asked to fall in line and receive their portions of coffee, buns and weiners. When each and every one had been served, the president of the club, Skiv Edwards, called on Dean Kerr to say a few words.

An orchestra, consisting of a saxophone, a banjo and sometimes an accordion, played numerous popular selections, to which the majority sang loud and lustily. A solo, a dainty ditty, was rendered by an unseen and unknown baritone. So touching were the words and tone that everyone started to sing with him. Big, red, juicy McIntosh apples were distributed or thrown around, and a few minutes later, about 10:15 p.m., the orchestra played God Save the King, and the hikers turned homeward, agreeing that the evening had been very successful.

HEAR YE! HEAR YE! SOPHOMORES!

The Sophomore class election will be held on Wednesday morning, Oct. 21. Members of the class are urged to bestir themselves and consider the important task of electing the officers who will control and direct class activities for the year '31-'32. Voters will please familiarize themselves with the rules of election as set forth in the election announcements which have been posted.

We take this opportunity to urge all students who are beginning their second year here to stick to the old class. Make up your mind to be a Sophomore, and let's strike up the good old election spirit of December 1930!

THE OLD EXECUTIVE.

EXCHANGE

(Alberta Review)

"Down a cent today, again."

Dad sighs a little as he says it and puts the paper on the table. Never a rally, never a hint of improvement in the deadly small type that tells the fortunes of the west each day. Last year's crop harvested at a loss, this year's trine and harvesting bills looming steadily larger, and wheat down a cent today. Two hundred acres of number one or two at almost thirty bushels to the acre, wheat below the cost of growing it, and down a cent again today.

Dad smiles. "Well, it can't go down forever. And it certainly doesn't spoil my appetite. Dinner's waiting, and boy! what a dinner!"

It's a good dinner, but socially not a success. Courage and cheerfulness, no matter how valiantly sustained, can't hide anxious eyes and almost hopeless hearts. Little talking is done. You can't keep inventing spriteliness forever.

Finally David, the twenty-year-old, breaks the silence. "I think I have a job lined up in town for the winter." Dad puts down his knife and fork. "Just what, son do you mean by that?"

"Well, we can't have everything the way we want it this time. I can stay out a year and go on with my medicine next fall. And I can help a bit in the meantime with what I earned this summer and what I make this winter in town."

"You mean you'll break your course, give up your year at the University?"

"Why, sure."

Molly, aged twelve, adds her eager voice. "I could stay out this year too, and help at home."

Mother, her heart swelling with pride, gives Dad an intense, long look. Dad's eyes have new ardour and strength, and when he looks back at her both of them smile with a sudden, unexpected happiness.

"No," says Dad decisively, "you both must go back to school. Why, we wouldn't know what to do with you both running around the place. In Mother's way all the time."

"No, Dad, that's not fair. Of course, Molly must go to school and get off her grade VI; but I'm going to stay out for the year."

"That's foolish, son; you have your money saved and your course to finish. Don't argue about it. You're going back."

"But, Dad . . ."

"Don't argue about it. Besides, we must economize; we can't afford to feed an appetite like yours this winter. Can we, Mother?"

And Mother, very happy, says "Certainly not."

Son goes back to college. Molly goes to school, where she studies for memory-work a piece of poetry which she won't understand for a few years yet. It begins, "Sweet are the uses of adversity . . ." Dad and Mother understand it.

—WILL RUSK.

FIRST MEETING OF PHIL CLUB

Mr. R. W. Collins Elucidates on History of Relations Between "Christianity and War"

On Wednesday, Oct. 14, the Philosophical Society held its first meeting of the session. After a few preliminaries, the speaker of the afternoon, Mr. R. W. Collins, was introduced. His paper, on "Christianity and War," was delivered in an able and interesting manner. His subject dealt with the attitude of the Christian Church towards war, from the earliest times, through the mediaeval ages, and until the present time. He showed how at first the church was rigidly antagonistic to war; how during the Middle Ages it was at first tolerant, and then greatly in favor of war; and how today the general opinion of the church is against war. After the reading of the paper, a general discussion took place, in which several members expressed their opinions, and asked questions of the speaker.

The president then informed the society of the programs arranged for the next few meetings of the society.

A vote of thanks having been extended to Mr. Collins, the meeting adjourned.

STUDENTS' COUNCIL MEETING

October 13th, 1931.

The Students' Council met in Arts 135 at 7:55 p.m., President Manning in the chair.

(b) Minutes: The minutes were amended to read "dates October 19th and 20th for reception of returned athletic tickets." Adopted.

(c) New Business: 1. Motion: That sale of Athletic Tickets be restricted to the members of the Union. Carried.

2. President Manning called for nominations for three vacancies on the Committee of Student Affairs. Nominations received were Watson, Edwards and Parlee.

Motion: That nominations cease. Carried.

President Manning declared Edwards, Watson and Parlee appointed.

3. The vacancies on the Men's Disciplinary Committee were filled by election from the names submitted; Eddie Springbett and Chris Jackson being elected.

4. Motion: That Miss K. Craig be appointed to get report ready on Women's Disciplinary Committee. Carried.

5. Motion: That Bill Watson be appointed as chairman of a committee to investigate the question of honoraria and have power to appoint two additional members to serve with him. Carried.

6. Motion: That the Council ratify guarantee of sixty dollars (\$60) to the N.F.C.U.S. debating team. Carried.

7. Motion: That Geo. Neely be appointed to get list of names of exchange students in attendance at the University. Carried.

(d) Adjournment: Motion: That the meeting adjourn. Mover, N. D. McLean; seconder, T. C. Byrne. Carried.

The meeting adjourned at 8:55 p.m.

RECORD TURNOUT AT S.C.M. THIS WEEK

Hon. President, Dr. Cook, Spoke On the Aim and Purpose of the Movement

The largest group in the history of S.C.M. general meetings gathered on Friday evening, Oct. 9, in the lounge of Athabasca for the opening meeting of the term.

The president, George Neely, opened the meeting with a hearty welcome to all the students who were there for the first time. For the benefit of these students he gave a brief sketch of the aim and purpose of the Movement.

Dr. Cook, the honorary president, was the speaker for the evening. In a condensed way he showed what was the core of the S.C.M., and what were the reasons for such a movement. He said that the Varsity age was a critical age, for just at this time one begins to feel concerned in religious affairs. The changing world of today has brought many changes in religion. The records have been closely scrutinized, with the result of a tremendous enrichment of knowledge of the Gospel. Dr. Cook also made it clear that no religion was a

religion if it was in the abstract—there should be a feeling of personal relationship between man and God. Man should seek to possess this and enlarge it. People have much to learn from Gandhi and Tagore. "If the Movement ever forgets the personal touch with God," said Dr. Cook in conclusion, "it will have lost everything."

Dwight Williams then explained and enlarged upon the study groups, and George Haythorne told about the National Student Christian Movement and the World's Student Christian Federation. He also reminded the meeting that Mr. Murray G. Brooks, the national secretary of the S.C.M., will be here the latter part of October.

After the conclusion of the business meeting refreshments were served. Mrs. Tuttle very graciously acted as hostess. This latter part of the meeting was an admirable way of mixing the new students with the others and getting them better acquainted with one another.

BIG BEGINNING FOR HOUSE ECCERS CLUB

Miss Ella Cristall is Interesting Speaker at Opening Meeting

Miss Ella Cristall, House Ec. '29, was the speaker at the opening meeting of the Household Economics Club on Thursday, Oct. 8, at 4:30, in S235. Miss Cristall, who has returned to the U. of A. to study medicine, spent a year in New York, after her graduation, here studying as a pupil dietitian in several of New York's outstanding hospitals. After describing her work and associates in some detail, Miss Cristall told of some of the places of interest which she visited, including famous Russian, Indian and Japanese restaurants. A short business meeting followed, when the following year representatives for the term were elected: Miss Olive Young, 2nd year; Miss Harriet Smith, 3rd year; and Miss Ann Gillis, 4th year.

GEOLOGISTS STAGE GET-TOGETHER

Mining and Geological Society Hold First Meeting—Members Spin Yarns

Friday afternoon saw the first meeting of the Mining and Geological Society for the season '31-'32, when some forty students and professors gathered together to swap reminiscences of the summer and its work and the Canadian Institute of Mining and to transact a little business.

The society, which is affiliated with Metallurgy, plans to hold its meetings every fortnight through the coming season. Tea is served. Papers will be given by various of the students and the faculty, on work in which they have been engaged. An opportunity is also afforded any of literary bent to submit papers to the student competition put on by the Institute and for which solid and pecuniary prizes are awarded.

H. H. Beach, President of the Society, was in the chair. Those present were given an opportunity of telling the others of their activities during the past summer. Varied indeed were the confessions, running in field work—from Great Bear Lake to Crow's Nest Pass, and from Camp Borden to Jasper Park. And some confessed to nothing at all.

Bob Wray was elected to serve as Secretary for the coming season.

The program for the coming meeting will likely include an address by Dr. Cameron on the Great Bear Lake district, with particular reference to the Echo Bay area.

MATHEMATICS CLUB

This year's program will open with two commemorative meetings. On Tuesday, Oct. 20, Mr. C. B. Johnson will give a paper on "Michael Faraday." On Tuesday, Nov. 3rd, Mr. E. S. Keeping will speak on "The Life and Work of James Clerk Maxwell." Meetings will be in Room A111 at 5 p.m., preceded by tea at 4:30. The membership of the club is open to all, and students are particularly reminded that a prize is being offered this year for the best student paper.

Berea College in Kentucky is almost without water. The swimming pool was recently tapped in order to provide water for the college laundry. —McGill Daily.

The New Jersey State Teachers College for Women has placed ten concrete cigarette trays at strategic points about the campus. —McGill Daily.

More of "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," has been recommended for Syracuse University co-eds by Dr. Leonard, dean of women. —McGill Daily.

At the University of Colorado the undergraduates can be insured against being called on in class. Rates vary with professors. Should a student who is insured be called upon, he receives double his premium. —McGill Daily.

Average Opinion of Man on Street Condemns Students as Loafers

The average college student spends six hours a day or less on studies and extra-curricular activities combined. This was the opinion of the average "man on the street" as discovered by the Columbia Spectator in a poll held in New York City.

It was found that only one out of every six pedestrians stopped and questioned on the street praised the college student and colleges. While the rest showed an ignorance of colleges in general, their criticisms were considerably adverse.

About 15 per cent. of those stopped in the midtown area of the city by members of the Spectator staff refused to say anything, probably expecting a request for a cup of coffee.

The remarks made by those who were stopped were quite interesting. One man said, "You guys get all the breaks, even athletes." He went on to say that even the best of the athletes only require five hours a day to devote to their athletics. The gentleman pointed out that he was forced to work eight hours a day.

One elderly man admitted that students might put in 10 to 12 hours a day, but for the most part said that the men in college were "just loafers."

Another gentleman remarked to the reporter that "boys will be boys, even if they do 'spend most of their time running around with the girls.'"

Prof. H. J. Carman in charge of extra-curricular activities at Columbia, commented on the results by saying that some spend more and some less than six hours a day.

—The Dartmouth.

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